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# TIMLO WELCOMES PARENTS

The staff at Camp Timlo would like to take this opportunity to welcome the parents of our campers to our annual parent's day. It is indeed an honor and a pleasure to be your hosts for the day.

We are fortunate this year to have an experienced staff and a fine group of campers. Included in the Timlo family are 84 campers, 4 Counsellors in training, 2 Junior Assistant Counsellors, 8 Assistant Counsellors, and 10 Senior Counsellors. Likewise, we have 3 handymen, a cook and an assistant, and several counsellors have their families here. It is easy to see why Timlo is enjoying a successful season.

The highlights of the season to date include memorable experiences in camping, team competition, and most important, group living. We are certain that the Pharaoh and Marcy mountain trips will enrich our intermediate camping experiences. Timlo's double victories in baseball over Bolton Landing by combined scores of 33-0 provide insight to our excellence in team coaching. In inter-camp competition with our arch rival Forest Lake we proved the intangible axiom that "quality is more important than quantity" and fielded respectable teams in all areas who represented us well, disregarding Forest Lake's greater numbers.

Likewise, we have taken advantage of our wonderful relationship with our sister camp, Pine Log. Daily, we combine the resources of both camps and add to the extensive programs in each camp, for we send horseback riders to Pine Log and they send us their sailors. This year we inaugurated a competition day and both camps look forward to our frequent dances.

## PARENTS DAY SCHEDULE

10:00 a.m.	Parents Arrive
10:00 - 12:30 p.m.	Visiting
12:30 p.m.	Lunch in Grove
2:00 p.m.	Father and Son Softball Game
2:00 p.m.	Sailing Races
3:15 p.m.	General Swim
5:30 p.m.	Parents' Day Ends

To date, our summer has been a full one with many rewarding experiences. In the remaining weeks, it appears certain that our objectives in all areas will be fulfilled and every camper, counsellor, and anyone else associated with Camp Timlo will have rewarding experiences to remember.

# MOUNT MARCEY TRIP PROVES CHALLENGING FOR BOYS

At approximately 10:00 a.m. on July 13 the members of cabins 6 and 7, with the exception of "Squeaky" Woodliff, set out to conquer Mt. Marcy. Following a rather pleasant three hour truck ride through magnificent Adirondack scenery, we arrived at the main parking area, ate a quick lunch, and started the task of packing all our belongings to the Marcy Dam area, 2.2 miles up into the foothills. An hour and fifteen minutes later a weary band of twenty sweated their way across the footbridge at the dam and were greeted by the smiling face of Bob Eddy who had preceded the main body of our expedition, along with Brad Holloman, to stake our claim to lean-to space.

While the campers settled themselves under Brad's watchful eye, the pack-horse brigade, led by trip-leader "Chip" Rezzemini, made a return march to the parking area for our food. Hours later Chip and Mark Fitzgerald returned, staggering under tons of canned goods and rasins ... but John "Waldo" Waaldman and Bob Eddy were not to be seen. Brad and several campers sprang to the rescue, and found them laboring vainly under their burdens. Finally, just as darkness was falling, all were assembled, and we could start to cook dinner.

Champion wood-gatherer Rudy Schmidt led his band into the sodden woods, shortly returned with a huge pile of wet tinder and before long we were gathered around a smoky, smouldering heap packing ourselves with beef and potatoes.

Wednesday dawned grey, and before long high black clouds covered the sky. Nonetheless, another brave band of counsellors set out once again to the parking lot to carry in more food, this time accompanied by assistant pack-horse Tim Dalton. By the time they returned, the rain convinced them to take a "warmer-upper" hike to Avalanche Lake.

Thursday was partly cloudy, but crisp and not too hot, so it was deemed that this would be the day to make the big push to the top. After a light breakfast we got out. The view from the top was spectacular ... there being only a few clouds in the sky and the visibility being about 75 miles.

But it was at this point that the most dreaded thing happened. Our fearless hikers encountered an enemy more challenging than the mountains, more depressing than rain, more dreadful than even the Marcy Kangaroo-mice and even worse than the mosquitoes: 19 Girl Scouts on an overnight trip!!

## 34.85 HIKE MT. PHARAOH

The members of cabins 3, 4, and 5 left Camp Timlo for three days of hiking and camping, July 12 to July 15th. Their destination was Pharaoh Mountain, near Scarsden, New York.

After a 1½ hour truck ride, we arrived at Crane Pond, where we set up camp. Over an open fire, we cooked our first camp dinner, and held our first campfire as a group which included songs, stories, and roasted marshmallows.

The next morning we awakened to beautiful warm weather, which was to stay with us the entire trip. We then hiked to the top of Pharaoh mountain, ate our sack lunches, and returned to camp in time to start cooking our evening meal.

Our last full day in camp was spent hiking to Pharaoh Lake, a five mile trip one way, where we ate our lunches overlooking a beautiful blue lake surrounded by an uninhabited woods. From this spot we could see the fire tower miles above us that we had climbed the day before. We rested, fished, and then returned, stopping to fill our canteens from a cool spring.

In camp every day, we enjoyed refreshing swims, as we were very dirty, then we fished while our counselors were preparing meals.

It was a lot of fun, but we were all glad to see the truck coming to take us home to Camp Timlo again.

Our brave warriors fought their way to and from the water-hole, valiantly ate their dinners, and even started preparations for bed, but finally our will-power gave out and we submitted to the beckoning of the Sirens and joined the female campers for a campfire-sing.

All went well, however, and we happily learned that they were not hostile after all. Friday morning, after bidding the girl-scouts adieu, we ate our last meal at Marcy Dam and set out to meet the truck, which, oddly enough, was right on time. Not too long thereafter cheers filled the air as the conquerers of New York State's highest peak (5344 ft.) returned to Timlo.